IN THE LAND OF THE DELAWARES.

When the thunder rolls around the crest of Mount Tammany and lightning shoots arrows across the Delaware River to Mount Minsi's blue top on the Pennsylvania side, very old men who live in the mountains and like to remember old tales say:

"Tamanend is praying to the gods of the Delaware to remove the curse from his people."

It has been a hundred years and more since the last of the unfortunate tribe, Tattamy Tundy, took the trail from the Delaware to the happy hunting grounds; but the cradle of the Lenni Lenapes, they who called themselves the "original peoples," remains much the same. The tremendous chasm in the Blue Ridge through which the Delaware River plunges; the two sentinel mountains, Tammany and Minsi, standing 1,500 feet above the river; the green Pocono range wheeling to the northward; the islands where the Delawares planted and harvested, held spring and summer dances, and sat at council fires; the blue river itself, the Lenape-wehituck, "the river of the Lenapes"—all these, no doubt, are the same as they were when Chief Tammany counselled friendship for the palefaces and reined in the hot-blooded, hot-headed young warriors.

Forest fires and the axe have ravaged the woodlands, but new timber of oak and poplar and pine has sprung up to take the places of the great trees the Indians knew. Even the old, old names of the Delawares survive.

Every mountain, every valley and river and mountain brook is known to-day much as the Delawares named it. From Delaware Water Gap, where the river twists through the Kittatinny Range in the Blue Ridge, to the summit of Mount Pocono, 2,000 feet above the sea, the Delaware nation still lives in its legends, its names and the stories of white men's trickery.

Locomotives toil painfully up from the eastern lowlands, but the black smoke cannot stain the green and blues of the mountains. The screeching whistles echo through the deep gorges and are quickly swallowed up. North, east, south and west, ugly, noisy, nervous modern things of business surround the region, but the rocks and rivers have guarded the home of the Delawares.

Back in the Poconos black bears follow the brooks, hunting for a dinner of speckled trout; shuffle down the mountain paths sniffing hungrily the scent of bee trees, sometimes coming so far toward the Water Gap country that a bullet finds them and a bearskin goes back to the city as the trophy of a vacation in the mountains.

Summer hotel guests in the Poconos, smoking and flirting on still nights on verandas, sometimes hear, late in the season, a snarling, vicious cry that is not soon forgotten—the yell of the wildcat. The deer are almost gone, although far back in the Poconos, hiding in the deepest forests, a few still survive.

The country is all quite wild, and the summer hotels, the tiny villages, the railroad and the other signs of civilization seem curiously out of place, as if they were there on sufferance, and quite as if the mountains and the river would some day get tired of them and push them back.

Among the tales of the Delawares that are still told in the Water Gap region in Monroe county, Pa., is that of the walking purchase, by which Thomas Penn, then Governor of Pennsylvania, tricked the Indians out of their most cherished lands in that region.

Penn, when he found that the ancient treaty with the Delawares entitled the white settlers to a "walk" of a day and a half more than had been made before his time, got the Delawares to agree to abide by the old treaty. Notice was then given in the territory papers and by runner that the remaining day and a half's walk was to be given.

Penn offered 500 acres of land anywhere in the region and £5 in money to any one who should attend the walk and walk the farthest in the limit of time agreed upon. The notice was to pull wool over the Delawares' eyes, because the Governor had selected already three men famous for their endurance and speed as pedestrians.

According to the story they were Edward Marshall, James Yates and Solomon Green. The Delawares chose three to walk for the tribes. The name of one only, Combush, survives.

On Sept. 20, 1737, before sunrise, the walkers met at an old chestnut tree at Wrightstown Meeting House. The six stood each with one hand on the tree until the sun rose, then started.

The pace was fast. In two hours and a half Jennings and two Indians fell exhausted at Red Hill. On the three others went to Easton, where the Indian fell on his face.

Marshall and Yates plunged forward and at sundown arrived at Blue Mountain. They slept and started again at sunrise.

Yates gave out at the foot of the mountain. Marshall kept on alone and at noon finished the walk on a spur of Mount Pocono, 86 miles from the starting point.

The white men had been attended by relays of horsemen with liquor and food. They walked in a line that had been surveyed for them by the wily Governor.

At Blue Mountain a number of Indians were waiting, expecting the walk would end there; when they found it was to be half a day longer, they became very angry and accused Penn of cheating them out of their lands.

An ordinary day's walk was a well defined distance with the Indians, and a day and a half's walk, as computed by them, reached from the starting point to the south side of Blue Mountain. When they found that Marshall's walk took in their favorite hunting grounds, they were fiercely indignant.

In 1742 Penn succeeded in having the Delawares, who annoyed him by their complaints, banished from their home by appealing for aid to the Six Nations, their bitter foes, who held the Delawares in a sort of vassalage. From that time the history of the Delawares as a nation ceases. Scattered fragments of the tribes drifted here and there, harried by the Six Nations and the enmity of the whites.

Of the unfortunate Delawares the best known of all their later chiefs was Tamanend, from whom Mount Tammany, on the Jersey side of the Water Gap, takes its name. He was by tradition endowed in the highest degree with wisdom, virtue, affability, meekness and hospitality.

In the Revolutionary war he was called St. Tammany by his admirers among the grateful colonists. His festival day was set for the first of May, and for many years in Philadelphia on that day a large society bearing his name paraded the streets wearing buck tails to the wigwam where the calumet was smoked.

Other societies of the same name and with the same object were organized, but in late years, as in the case of New York's Tammany, the early significance of the name became lost, and the societies became political organizations.

The beautiful country of the Delawares was sparsely settled until comparatively late in the last century. Slowly the attention of Philadelphians and New Yorkers was drawn to it as a delightful region in which they might forget the wear and tear of city life.

In the last few years the country has been visited annually by thousands who climb the Kittatinny and Pocono Mountains, hunt and fish for small game and trout, and boat on the Delaware. The mountain streams are well supplied with trout and the Delaware River contains, with other game fish, the fighting black bass.

The region which still speaks eloquently of the Delawares begins at Water Gap. There are Caldeno Falls, Winona's Leap, where, tradition says, the Indian Princess killed herself for love of a handsome young Manhattan Dutchman; Lake Lenape, Analoming Water, Cold Air Cave, Sylvan Way, Moss Cascade, Prospect Point and Table Rock. There, at this season, the pines show green on the mountain sides, the trailing arbutus and crocus bloom, and wild roses, anemones, daisies, wild honeysuckle and columbines nestle among the ferns.

Then the river winds away through the Gap and the Pocono Mountains rise above Stroudsburg in the Delaware Valley. From the little old town making a brave modern show in the mountain wilderness, forest roads lead to the Gap on one side and to Mount Pocono on the other. Through the Poconos flow the Brodhead, the Little Buckhill the Big Buckhill, the Swiftwater, that Henry van Dyke has written about in "Fisherman's Luck"; the Tunkhannock and the Tobyhanna, where the speckled trout rise.

Two thousand feet above the sea level, three hours from New York, dozens of pretty little summer hotels cling to the mountain side, cold, cheerless and deserted in the winter months, but gay and humming with life as soon as the snow melts in the mountains. Almost on the mountain tops golf is played, and the tennis courts are stretched in green flats.

Bridle paths wind through the mountain forests where pure water springs bubble up on every hand. The air is as keen and bracing as a glass of old wine.

From a hundred viewpoints a straight-away vista of seventy miles lies outstretched. At Water Gap, from the summits of Mount Tammany or Mount Minsi, New York, 88 miles away, can be faintly seen with a glass.

BIRD HOME IN THE CHICKEN PEN.

A Pretty Bit of Nature Which Young Eyes Saw From a Window Sill.

When the phœbe's nest was discovered by a pair of young and keen eyes it was an empty little cradle of the most delicate workmanship. Within it was warm and downy, and without it was covered with a soft fluffy coating which looked exactly like dry moss, and, indeed, probably was that very thing.

Had it been placed upon the branch of a tree one could hardly have detected it, so much would it have resembled a moss-clad knot. But the phœbe bird had done a very interesting thing; she had clung to her traditional moss covered nest, doubtless from countless generations designed to simulate the mossy knot, but she had not set her nest upon a tree. Taking advantage of human civilization as she found it, she had built beneath the deep eaves of an unoccupied chicken house, one of a row of such in a wire enclosed yard.

It was an ideally safe place for a bird's nest, for no cat or other natural enemy could easily get into the chicken yard, and even the enemy that compassed this feat could hardly have reached the nest.

A jutting window sill enabled the feet that belonged with the pair of keen young eyes which discovered the nest to lift the owner of feet and eyes so that the latter could peer right into the snug little bird home. When the eyes peered in two or three days after the discovery was made, there were four eggs in the nest, and a day or two later there were six.

Few things in nature's cabinet of jewels are lovelier than these eggs. They are perfectly symmetrical, with one end round and full, the other almost pointed. Color and texture are as beautiful as form; the shells look like the most delicate porcelain and the color is a soft grayish white with an undertone that hints of lilac purple. Strung and set with care, the eggs might pass for some rare form of pearls.

The little phœbe mother-to-be was uneasy at first when she saw her nest inspected, and would sit long on a neighboring tree before she made her way back to her eggs through the maze of wire. Soon, however, she found that no wrong was intended, and would wait only a few minutes after the daily inspection to return to the nest.

It was a pleasant sensation to pick out one of those jewel-like things and find its smooth surface still warm from the breast of the little bird, while she sat on the tree hard by, twitching her tail after the odd fashion of her kind.

One day the young eyes peered into the nest and missed the shine of the six eggs. Instead they found six naked, wide-mouthed little birds, so tiny and helpless that they looked like mere inanimate sacks with wide, yellow-lined mouths. The phœbe bird was not more afraid for her young than she had been for her eggs. She and the father flitted in and out through the meshes of wire, doubtless with a comfortable sense of safety at the intricacies of the approach to their home, and both fed the little brood.

Never had birdlings a more secure home. It is far safer than any tree could have been, and if the phœbes have anything of human self-assurance they probably believe that the chicken yard was built especially for their convenience.

PLEASE HELP THE SAILORMAN

HOW THE FREE SHIPPING OFFICE IS TRYING 'GAINST BIG ODDS.

Why All Seamen Don't Rush to It and All Shipowners Engage Their Crews There—Wiles of the Boarding House Man—His Canning and His Great Rapacity.

Money to rent, lease or build a boarding house for sailors is being sought by the Seamen's Christian Association, which has a reading room, assembly room and office at 399 West street.

Hot times there have been at this little West street free shipping office. Men have been shanghaied from the very door. The "boarding house man," the horror of every element trying to aid the seaman, has invaded the very reading room, and inveigled the men away. Boarding house men have signed on at the free shipping bureau for the sake of jumping ashore at the last moment, leaving the captain short of men, and bringing the office into disrepute.

Boarding house men have even boarded a train to Baltimore, tried to break up a party of men the association's agent was taking to a ship there, and, failing, have telegraphed ahead to have a crowd at the Baltimore station to whip the New York seamen and prevent their boarding the vessel for which they had signed.

There were solid business reasons for the fierce opposition to the free shipping office. Its success meant the breaking up of the widespread and profitable industry of running sailors' boarding houses in New York. The profits in this business all come from the control it gives the boarding-house keeper over the shipping of crews out of New York.

Just how the 800,000 able seamen shipping out of New York yearly can be kept in the present species of serfdom is a complicated matter for lay comprehension. As explained by Stafford Wright, the man who has brought the West street shipping bureau to its present point of efficiency, it stands as follows:

If the captain of any ship in this harbor engages a crew himself, the boarding house keeper sees to it that he does not ship his men. By some means or other they are got away from him—by promises of better jobs, by getting them drunk at sailing time, even by "doping" their liquor, or by forcible detention.

It is not necessary to do this with a whole crew. The failure of a few men to appear is sufficient inconvenience to a vessel about to sail. And the boarding-house keeper is aided in his methods by the habits and circumstances of the ordinary seaman. Without home or acquaintances ashore, there is no place open to him but the cheap boarding houses and the longshore saloon. Eager for excitement after the deadly monotony of the voyage, he is notoriously unreliable about keeping his promises.

With this combination of circumstances it is really a necessity for the captain to deal with some agency on which he can depend for his full complement of men at the proper time. The keepers of the sailors' boarding house furnish this agency. The captains hire their men through them.

The common seaman is not like any other workingman. He cannot go out and rustle a job for himself. The captain will not do business with him personally, both because it is an inconvenience when he is getting the bulk of his men from the agent, and because the latter will punish him if he does not ship from the boarding house bureau. The seaman has to get his job through the boarding-house keeper, and this puts him in the latter's power.

The boarding-house man controls the situation on both sides. This condition is not peculiar to New York. It is worse in San Francisco, and equally bad in London and Liverpool.

"As to the profits," said Mr. Wright, "there is a bonus paid by the shipowners to the agent who furnishes the men. It varies from $15 to $25 a man. There is no doubt that some captains stand in with the boarding-house keepers in the division of this bonus. Shipowners have tried to combat this arrangement from time to time, and their efforts have sometimes been made public. But they have never succeeded.

"When the seaman comes ashore, he naturally goes to the sailors' boarding house. It is the place where he has stayed before; it is the only place he knows about, it is where other sailors stay, and it is the only place that caters to him. Every ship for which this is the home port—and there are all manner of them, flying all sorts of flags—pays off its men here.

"Even if they ship for the next voyage in the same ship which they almost never do, they cannot sleep aboard while the ship is in port. They must board ashore till they ship out again. The most natural place for all these men to stay between trips is in sailors' boarding houses.

"Now, if they stay a week or a day in the boarding house, it is all the same. The boarding-house keeper, when he ships them out again, demands one month of their pay in advance, and gets it. They used to be able to get two months' pay, but friends of the seamen obtained the passage of a new law, limiting them to one month. You can see now why running a sailor's boarding house is profitable.

"The 'shanghai' happens in some such way as this: The boarding house keeper promises a man a good job on board a steamship at good wages. Then he puts some dope in his liquor, and while he is unconscious has an employee sign the man for a totally different ship. When the man wakes up he finds himself aboard a sailing vessel bound to Australia, perhaps, instead of a fast steamer for Liverpool.

"His first month's wages are gone in advance. All the money he took ashore is gone, he has been beaten and tricked, and he is very apt to do his work that trip in a sulky and sullen mood. And of course he can't say a word, because he was drunk when it happened, and he doesn't really know what he did do or what he didn't.

"The one thing which the boarding house keeper never fails to do is to fill up the complement of men he promises. Drunk or sober or drugged, he never lets go of them till he has them aboard. That's the reason the ships deal with him, and that's what makes it so hard for any philanthropic agency to combat the boarding house shipping bureau.

"No amateur has any conception of the difficulty of getting the men all aboard at the proper time. The captain can't make use of the seaman's worst appetites to accomplish his purpose. He must work by legitimate methods. If he doesn't get his men aboard by sailing time the companies can't deal with him, even if they deplore the present system, as many of them do.

"This office," said Mr. Wright, "shipped 974 men last year, without charge to either companies or men, although the companies dealing with us made voluntary contributions to the work of the society. This is only a drop in the bucket, but it has been enough to break up the sailors' boarding house business on the West Side. Cherry, Market, Pike, South, Water, Catharine and other streets in the neighborhood are full of them, but there are none on West street now."

The office got its start when the Germanic sank in the North River two or three years ago. The office took its crew, kept them for three weeks, and shipped them again without a man missing. This was regarded as a feat in shipping circles, and immediately began to bring in business. The fact that the office now controls the shipping on some of the big lines, like the White Star and Atlantic Transport, is what gives it its hold. If it could have a boarding house of its own, in which the men it ships out could live when ashore, the advantage would be obvious.

"About three big boarding houses," said Mr. Wright, "accommodating 200 seamen each, would control the situation in New York. That would give a pretty steady source of supply. The companies would not be afraid to deal with us then, as we could furnish the men, and the competition would bring the commercial boarding houses to time. With the exception of one small boarding house, belonging to the Episcopal Seamen's Society and accommodating less than fifty, there is no place in New York where a sailor can stay ashore without danger of being surrounded by people who want to rob or impose upon him in some way. Why can't he go to some other kind of a boarding house? Because if he does the boarding house men won't let him ship out, that's why.

"What is needed is just such a place for the merchant marine as Miss Gould has furnished for the navy in the Naval Y. M. C. A. in Brooklyn. And the need is far greater in this case. In the navy every man can sleep aboard if he wants to. His ship is in port, or he wouldn't be here. He stays ashore for pleasure or convenience, not necessity.

"Of course, the bondage in which the men in the merchant marine are held comes back to their own habits in the end. But they are more excusable for these habits than almost any other class of men. The seaman is a man cut off from normal life a large part of his time. Generally he has no home ties, no connection with any of the established institutions of civilization in the port he is in.

"He wants to enjoy himself when he is ashore. That is natural. The easiest place to enjoy himself in is a saloon, and the saloons handy to sailors make a business of beating them and robbing them.

"An Englishman came in here the other day and registered. He had $150. I offered to put it in the safe for him, and he said he guessed he could take care of his own money. Within two hours he was back, beaten and bleeding and without a cent. They had picked a quarrel with him, and in the fight had gone through him. What could he do? He couldn't tell who took it.

"Another man came in with $100. He deposited $90 and kept $10. He never showed up again for five days, and he spent that time locked in a cell. They robbed him of his $10, and when he made a row all stood in together and got him arrested. A drunken, friendless sailor in a saloon row. What chance has he got? They'll beat him up just as quick for $10 as for $100. This particular man was so thankful it was the $10 he lost instead of the $90 that he thought he got off pretty well. After that I gave him $1 a day as long as he staid, and when he was ready to ship again he had $70 to send home.

"Of course, if the sailors wouldn't go to these places they wouldn't be in danger. But what other place is there handy for them to go to? I'd like to see a nice big place with a gymnasium, a swimming pool, library and lockers, and all that sort of thing. But I'd be contented first just to get decent sleeping and boarding accommodations for about 200. We have $4,000 banked, and we have $10,000 promised when we get $40,000, and I think that $50,000 would do for a starter.

"There's another abuse we could regulate if we had the means to open a supply store. The law requires ships to keep certain supplies for the convenience of sailors. The custom is now for the captain to give seamen orders on certain stores for such clothes as they need, keeping the pay out of the man's wages afterward. The man takes the order to the store, gets it cashed at a discount and spends it in foolishness. When it is gone he has neither clothes nor money.

"If those orders could come to us, the man would get either the clothes they called for or nothing. The seaman has better tastes if anything could appeal to them. They took 27,000 packages of reading matter out of our reading room last year, and we banked and sent to their friends more than $15,000."

Curious yarns are spun around the table of the little reading room. There is one, for instance, about the man who yielded to the wiles of the boarding house agent and went out of this very room to ship on an oyster boat in Chesapeake Bay at $30 a month. He stayed three months, got $12, and saw a man murdered on board with a marlinspike. There was another who went in the same way, and was knocked down on board. He jumped overboard, managed to get ashore and sent a revenue cutter out to make the oysterman a visit. The oyster captain ordered his men below, and himself, in the garb of one of them, told the Government officers politely that the captain had gone ashore to get a new man.

"The oyster boat is a hard proposition for the ordinary sailor," said Mr. Wright. "He never gets what's coming to him, and once ashore he can never locate the man he has a case against. They come to New York to get men for the oyster boats because the Baltimore people know their tricks too well."

A DICTIONARY PUZZLE.

After Twenty Years' Use of One a Man Makes a Discovery.

"I have," said a man who has more or less frequent occasion to look up the exact meaning of words, "a dictionary that I have been using for about twenty years. With constant use for so long a time a considerable number of the leaves have broken loose from their binding, which is no more than might be expected; but I find myself to-day for the first time realizing that with one narrow exception, those broken leaves all lie between the letters O to T inclusive; the exception being some loose leaves found within the compass of the letter F.

"In other words, so far as I can tell by the loose leaves in the book, and I have no reason to doubt their evidence, the words that I have had occasion to look up in the past twenty years have, in a great majority of cases, begun with one or another of these letters: F, O, P, Q, R, S or T. Isn't that curious? It may be that to some persons more familiar with words than I it will appear simple enough, but to me it is curious and interesting.

"This dictionary, lying open in its holder on a tripod book support, I have commonly used as a sort of desk or table upon which to lay, at my elbow, papers and memorandums, and in opening the book to put it to this use I have commonly opened it at the middle or somewhere further along in the volume, and this might account for the loose leaves, in some measure; but I am convinced that it accounts for them, if at all, in slight measure only, for when I come to think this matter over a little I find that I very rarely have occasion to look up a word in the first half of the book, excepting, as shown by the loose leaves there, in the letter F, and I realize also that I have as rarely occasion to look up words beginning with any of the letters following the letter T; as a matter of fact, almost all the words I have to look up begin with some one of the six letters running from O to T inclusive.

"As I said before, this is to me curious and interesting, though it may be simple enough to persons more familiar than I with words and their uses."